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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745. By Mrs. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. R. Bentley.

As the great river of National History rolls its broad wave downward through the region of time, a number of coincident streams part from or flow into it, detached yet connected, and often evolving a more peculiar if not a deeper human interest than attaches to the vast mingled body of the mightier tide. Among these, to continue our simile, not one could be found whose banks were more luxuriantly clothed with romance, whose course was more affectingly augmented by tears, whose waters sparkled more brightly with the upheaving of heroic deeds, and were more tragically darkened by the welling of devoted blood, than is shewn in the annals of the Jacobites during a hundred years.

In many a shape have they been represented to the world; and yet no theme more attractive could be chosen for farther illustration. Mrs. Thomson has done well in re-writing the *disjecta membra* of preceding writers; and fortunate in adding to them original fragments which had not hitherto been brought to light. The opening and principal memoir is of the famous Earl of Mar, respecting whom we remember a couplet, in a curious old Jacobite song (for an entire copy of which we would give very hearty thanks):

"Great Mar in a passion four shillings threw down;
But it wanted another to make up the Crown,
Derry down, down," &c.*

Upon the character, views, intrigues, and career of this nobleman, Mrs. Thomson has been enabled to produce some striking information, which, if it does not add much to the general appreciation of his public life, develops the private influences, motives, and circumstances, under which the individual acted, more clearly than has yet been done. One consequence is, that we have a more distinct and perfect understanding of critical affairs than hitherto, and can account for them on the real and actual data of their expediency or necessity. The preface informs us:

"A very interesting collection of letters, many of them written in the Earl of Mar's own hand, and others dictated by him, is interwoven with the biography of that nobleman. These letters were written, in fact, for the information of the whole body of Jacobites, to whom they were transmitted through the agent of that party, Captain Henry Straiton, residing in Edinburgh. They form almost a diary of Lord Mar's proceedings at Perth. They are continued up to within a few hours of the evacuation of that city by the Jacobite army. For these curious and characteristic letters, portraying as they do, in lively colours, the difficulties of the general in his council and his camp, she [Mrs. T.] is indebted to the friend-

ship and mediation of the Hon. Lord Cockburn, and to the liberality of James Gibson-Craig, Esq."

From the representative of the ill-starred family of Derwentwater (the Earl of Newburgh), the author has also derived interesting particulars: from Lord Strathallan, the like concerning the loyal race of Drummond; from the Hon. Mrs. Bellamy, notices of Kenmore (the hero of a capital song and tune); and from other parties, similar helps to the biographies of the Camerons of Lochiel, the Macleans, the Macintoshes, Campbells, Gordons, Mackenzies, and other clansmen who suffered in "the cause."

Of John Erskine, Earl of Mar, the account is altogether exceedingly good, and we wish we could afford room for a full analysis of it; but as that may not be, we must pass over all his measures before, at, and after the Union (of which, though fatal to the Stuart interests, he was, with the Duke of Queensbury, a zealous promoter), and look upon them as means to re-elevate his ancient name out of poverty to wealth and station. For both in the reign of William and of Anne, he managed to advance in fortune and consideration. His duplicity did not impose upon, nor prosper with, George the First; yet he had the hardihood to attend his levée, and thence escaped disguised to Scotland in a collier, to raise the standard of James III. The celebrated hunting of Braemar ensued, and Mrs. T. observes:

"According to the Master of Sinclair, the Earl of Mar produced at the meeting a forged commission; but this statement is not only contradicted by Lord Mar's own account, but completely invalidated by the fact that the commission is in existence, among various other curious documents and letters, many of which place the character of Lord Mar in a much fairer light than that in which it has hitherto been viewed."

A copy of the commission is here printed, pp. 82, 83; signed Thomas Higgins, by his majesty's command.

Of the battle of Sheriffmuir, where

"Heran, an' she ran, an' they ran, an' a' ran awa, man," as faction and party coloured this dubious fight, the accounts are most conflicting and contradictory:

"A fortnight previously the Earl of Mar had addressed the following curious letter to Captain Henry Straiton, at Edinburgh, to whom many of Lord Mar's epistles are written. The allusion to Margaret Miller refers to Lady Nairn, the sister-in-law of the Marquis of Tullibardine, and wife of Lord Nairn, who, in compliance with a Scottish custom, took his wife's title, she being Lady Nairn in her own right. The allusion to 'a dose' which will require the air of a foreign country to aid it, seems to offer some notion of the earl's subsequent flight.

Nov. 8th, 1715.

"Sir,—I had yours of the fourth this forenoon, which was very welcome. And I hope we shall soon see the certainty of what the accounts makes us expect of these folks' arrivall. I sent of a packet yesterday with an answer to Margaret Miller's of the second, and in it I sent a copie of my last to Mr. H—n, which was dated

the second and third, of which I sent him copie two different wayes, so I hope he'll get one of them at least. They were pressing them to go into England; and now that they are actually gone their, and in so good a way, I am easie as to that. I hope God will direct and assist them. I thought to have marcht from this to-day. The foot are mostly gone, and I march with the horse to-morrow morning. Our generall review is to be at Auchterarder on Thursday morning, and then to march forward immediately. It is of great use to hear often from you, and to have accounts of our friends in the north of England, and what is doing in England beside; so I know you'll write as often as you can find occasions. I fancie I may hear to-day from our friends in the north of England, for I hope they had, some days ago, a way of sending directly. It seems the Duke of Argyll's absence from London is not like to do his own court of interest there much good. I hope our manifesto's being dispersed at London will have good effect; and I long to see what the prints call the Pretender's declaration, and the declaration of the people of England. The run upon the bank, I hope, will not lessen. The public credit must not be once ruined to make it raise again, and I hope that time may be sooner than we think of. We have rainy weather, but that is an inconveniencie to the enemy as well as to us. My humble service to Margaret Miller: I thank her for the information she gives me, of one about me giving intelligence; but other friends may be easie about it, for I am sure there is nothing in it; and I know what made them believe, which I confess had colour enough. I wish she would get the Doctrin to send a new dose to the patient she knows of, for there was a little too much of one of the ingredients in the last, which took away the effect of the whole. It is the ingredient that has the postponing quality in it; and the patient's greatest distemper is the apprehensions he has of a perfect cure being long of coming, and that it is not to be til he get the air of another country. The dose must be carefully made up, and no appearance of its coming from any other hand but the Doctrin's own. Ther's some copies herewith sent of a paper printed on this side the water, of which I hear severall are at Stirling. The other two papers I got to-day are given to revise, and are to be printed soon. I send you a copie of a letter was wrote tother day, and sent to the Cameronians in the west. I wish you could send this one to some of them in the south. This is all I will trouble you with; but I hope both to get from you and give you good news soon, and I ever am, with all sincerity and truth, yrs. &c. Perhaps Capt. R—n will not be found to have done so much hurt as was thought he designed; but this is not to bid trust him yet."

"By two manuscript letters among the Mar papers, it appears, however, that the account soon afterwards published by Lord Mar was not so full of artifice and untruths as his enemies represented. 'He kept the field of battle until it was dark,' says one writer, in a letter dated from Perth (November the 19th, 1715); 'and nothing but want of provisions prevented

* This quaint ballad of the Fifteen represents the leading political characters as playing at cards for a kingdom. Argyll is charged with shuffling the knave of trumps under the table; and Mar's chance of winning so near as is indicated by our quotation.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

us from going forward the next day. We hear the Whigs give various accounts of the battle, to cover the victory; but the numbers of the slain on their part being eleven or twelve hundred, and ours not above fifty or sixty, and our keeping the field when they left it, makes the victory incontestable. Your friends that I know here mind you often, and they and I would be glad to have the opportunity to drink a bottle with you beyond the Forth.* Another eye-witness gives a still more detailed account.

"I have yours of the seventeenth, with the paper inclosed, wherein that gentleman has taken the liberty to insert many falsehoods relative to the late action, a true and impartial account of which I here send you, which is but too modest on our side, and many things omitted that will be afterwards made publick, particularly their murdering Strathmoir, after he had asked quarters, and the treatment they gave to Panmuir and several others, who, I hope, will be living witnesses against them. The enclosed is so full that I have little to say, only that we have not lost a hundred men in the action, and none of note, except Strathmoir, and the Captain of Clan Ronald." The cruel spirit of party destroyed the generous characteristics of the soldier, during the excitement of the combat: but how can we palliate the conduct of one of the king's generals, Lord Isla, after the fierceness of the encounter was over? The letter referred to discloses particulars which were hushed up, or merely glanced at, in the partial annals of the time. "So soon as they saw us coming down upon them, they marched off in great haste towards Dumblain, and left several of our people they had taken, among which was Lord Panmuir, who offered to give his parole, not knowing what had passed upon the eighth; but he was told by the person he sent to Lord Isla, that he could not take a parole from a rebel, and they were in such haste that they lost him in a little house, with several others near the field, where we found them when we advanced, and brought him along with us to Ardoch, two miles furdur, where we stayed all night and next day, until that we heard the enemy were marched off to Stirling. He is now pretty well and in no danger. Earl Loudoun passed him as he lay in the field, without taking any notice of him, and he was wounded there by the dragoons after he had surrendered to them; but I hope there will be one other day of reckoning for these things. My Lord Mar sent off two or three people to take care of Lord Forfar, when he heard he was wounded, and one of them waited of him to Stirling. He expressed a good dale of concern that he should have been ingaged against his countrymen, and sent a breslet off his arm to Lord Mar, so that we all wish he may live. A good pair of our baggage and the provisions we had were destroyed by our own people who went off from our left. We are now getting provisions and every thing ready as soon as possible; and I am hopeful we will be in a condition in a very few days to pass forth without opposition. We have got accounts this day of a victorie obtained by our friends in the south, the particulars of which we long for. I have sent you some copies of the printed account of the action to give our friends. So adieu."—Notwithstanding the humane attentions shewn by the earl to Lord Forfar, that brave and generous nobleman died of his wounds. After lingering more than three weeks, he expired at Stirling on the eighth of December. He was wounded in sixteen different places, but a shot which he received in his knee seems to have been the most

fatal injury. The conduct of the earl appears in strong contrast with that of the Earl of Isla; but we must remember that each party had its own chroniclers. It is, nevertheless, a result of observation, more easily stated than explained, that through the whole of the two contests, both in 1715 and 1745, the generous and somewhat chivalric bearing of the Jacobites was acknowledged; whilst a spirit of cruel persecution marked the conduct of some of the chief officers on the opposite side. The Duke of Argyle indeed, in his own person, presented an exception to this remark, which chiefly applies to those secondary to him in command and influence."

This quotation will afford a fair idea of the work, both in matter and manner. The tardy arrival of the Chevalier produced no favourable alteration in his prospects. Of his appearance upon the scene Mrs. T. says:

"In person, James is reported by the Master of Sinclair to have been 'tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean, rather than to fill as he grows in years.' His countenance, to judge by the most authentic portraits* of this prince, had none of the meditative character of that of Charles the First, whom the Chevalier was popularly said to resemble: neither had it the sweetness which is expressed by every feature of that unhappy monarch, nor had his countenance the pensiveness which wins upon the beholder who gazes upon the portraits of Charles. The eyes of the Chevalier were light hazel, his face was pale and long, and in the fulness of the lips he resembled his mother, Mary of Modena. To this physiognomy, on which it is said a smile was rarely seen to play, were added, according to the account of a contemporary, 'a speech grave, and not very clearly expressive of his thoughts, nor over much to the purpose: his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed.'"

The Earl of Mar, in his published address at the time, states:

"People every where, as we have come along, are excessively fond to see him, and express that duty they ought. Without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, set aside his being a prince, he is really the finest gentleman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles King Charles a great deal. His presence, tho', is not the best of him; he has fine partes, and dispatches all his buisness himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw any body write so finely. He is able to a great degree w/out loosing that majestie that he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is even fitted to make us a happy people, were his subjects worthe of him. To have him peaceably settled on his throne is what these kingdoms do not deserve; but he deserves it so much, that I hope there's a good fate attending him."

And it is drolly added: "The king wears paper caps under his wig, which I know you also do; they cannot be had at Perth, so I wish you could send some on, for his own are near out."

"On the second of January, 1715-16, the Chevalier proceeded to Brechin, and thence to Kinnaird; and on Thursday to Glamis Castle,

* "I have had (says our author in a note) the advantage of seeing an original crayon portrait of the Chevalier, in the possession of Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh; also, a miniature painted at Rome, belonging to Mr. Sharpe. In the miniature the eyes are darker, and have more animation than in the crayon drawing. The portrait lately placed at Hampton Court gives a much more pleasing impression of James Stuart than either of these likenesses: the countenance is animated and benevolent."

the seat of the Earl of Strathmore. On the sixth of January he made his public entry into Dundee on horseback, at an early hour. Three hundred followers attended him, and the Earl of Mar rode on his right hand, the Earl Marischal on his left. At the suggestion of his friends, the prince shewed himself in the market-place of Dundee for nearly an hour and a half, the people kissing his hands. The following extract from a letter among the Mar papers affords a more minute and graphic account of the Chevalier's demeanour than is to be found in the usual histories of the day. "I hear the Pretender went this day from Glams to Dundee, and comes to Scoon to-morrow; and I am shortly informed that your old friend Willie Callender went to Glams on Wednesday and kissed the Pretender's hand, of whom he makes great speeches, and says he is one of the finest gentlemen ever he saw in his life. Its weel that his landing is kept up from the army, for he has gained so much the good will of all ranks of people in this country that have seen him, that if it was made publick it's thought it might have ill effects among them. He is very affable and oblidging to all, and great crowds of the common people flock to him. When he took horse this morning from Glams, there was about a thousand country people at the gate, who they say gave him many blessings; he has tuched several of the evil, as he did some this morning. He is of a very pleasant temper, and has intirely gained the hearts of all thro' the places he has passed. He applies himself very close to business, and they say might very weel be a secretarie of state. He has declared Lord Marischall one of his bed-chamber."

After reading these various descriptions, we learn the issue from the author, who tells us:

"The enthusiasm which was at first displayed towards the Chevalier was soon cooled, not only by his grave and discouraging aspect, but by his fearless and impolitic display of his religious faith. He never allowed any Protestant even to say grace for him, but employed his own confessor 'to repeat the Pater Nosters and Ave Marias:' and he also shewed an invincible objection to the usual coronation-oath,—a circumstance which deferred the ceremony of coronation,—Bishop Mosse declaring that he would not consent to crown him unless that oath were taken. This sincerity of disposition, for it cannot be called by a more severe name, especially diminished the affections of the Chevalier's female episcopal friends, who had excited their male relations to bear arms in his favour. But the circumstance which weighed the most heavily against James, was the order which he published, on hearing that the Duke of Argyle was making preparations to march against him, for burning the towns and villages, and destroying the corn and forage, between Dumblane and Perth. This act of destruction, from the effects of which the desolate village of Auchterarder has never recovered, was determined on, in order that the enemy might be incommoded as much as possible upon their march; it added to the miseries of a people already impoverished by the taxes and contributions which the Jacobites had levied. It appears, however, from a letter of James's, since discovered, or perhaps only suppressed at the time, to have been an act which he bitterly regretted, and the order for which he signed most unwillingly. He was desirous of making every reparation in his power for the ravages which were committed in his name."*

* Mar Papers.

The finale approached, and Mrs. Thomson says:

"On Tuesday, the last day of January, the Duke of Argyll passed the river Eru [the Erne], and took possession of Tullibardine. It has been stated by several historians that the Jacobites fled from Perth on the same day; but the following letter from Lord Mar, dated the first of February, shews that the flight could not have taken place until the following day. This curious letter, which was written at the early hour of six in the morning, is unfinished. It is the last in the series of that correspondence which has formed of itself a narrative of Lord Mar's life, from his first taking upon himself the office of general and commander-in-chief, to the hour when he virtually resigned that command. In the midst of pressing danger his sanguine nature seems not to have deserted him: his love of the underplots of life, the influence of 'Kate Bruce,' and the arrangements for a coronation, were as much in his thoughts as in the more hopeful days before Sherriff Muir and Preston.

'Wednesday, about six forenoon,
February 1st, 1716.

"On Monday evening I gave you the trouble of a greatly long letter, mostly on indifferent subjects, and sent it off yesterday to A. W. If I was too tedious upon what concerned a woman and a Prince, it was with a good intent, and to make matters plain. By what I hear from R. B. and the Hole, that Argyll's forces were yesterday forenoon at Stirling, and so was the regiments of dragoons there and St. Ninian's, for accounts of motions there and thereabouts, on both sides of the river,—you may expect it best sent from R. B., the Hole, and a grave gentleman. By yesternight's post I sent of M'Quart's letter; and indeed, in most or all letters I write to that quarter for ten weeks past, I always requested that whatever was to be done might be quickly done. I likewise sent to London between five or six, several honest hands, to put off the proclamation declaration about burning, and that paper of which I some days ago sent you two copies. And now I begin to think I have been in the wrong to Mr. S—g, in the short character I gave you of him, at least, if it be true that I am told, that he is not only author of that paper I sent you the two copies of, but has got a very great number of them printed; and tho' I may be an insufficient judge, I must acknowledge I am very well pleased with the paper, for I think it full of plain truths; and besides other dispersings, I did indeed yesterday cause put in fifteen copies of it in the Lords of Session's boxes. The little letter to my good Lady W. I caused carefully to be delivered. I wish all women had some share of her good, sweet, easy temper, for, as you well observe, over-busied women are most uneasy; and I have had much experience of it within these four months past in many instances, and with more persons than one or two. The only inconvenience I had by Kate Bruce lodging in the same house with me was, it brought in too many women upon me, and some of these brought in others, and to this minute I cannot with discretion get quit of them. A good time ago you were pleased to tell me you could not well conceive how I got myself kept free, but if you now knew what a multitude knows where I lodge, you would wonder more; and indeed it is no little admiration to myself: but as soon as I have so much strength, and can find a convenient place (which is not easy), I will change my quarters, if it were for no other reason than to be quit of useless people of both sexes, that interrupt me from business, or

trouble with impertinent questions. And while I am accusing others of indiscretion, I wish I am not so myself in so much insisting upon and troubling you with such matters. At Perth I have got a collection of all papers relating to the coronation of King Charles the First and Second, and shall send them whenever you think fit; but I suppose it may be convenient to let the present hurric a little over before I send them to you. How the great generals can employ their hors to great purpose in the deep snow, or how men and hors will long hold out in such weather, is what I do not understand. I hope a shorter time than they imagine will destroy, even without the help of an enemy,—at least, make many, both men and hors, inservicable.

And to conclude:

"The worst peculiarity in the career of Mar was, that no one trusted him; towards the latter portion of his life he had even lost the power of deceiving: it had become impossible to him to act without mingling the poison of deception with intentions which might have been honest, and even benevolent. The habits of a long life of intrigue had warped his very nature. When we behold him fleeing from the coasts of Scotland, leaving behind him the trusting hearts that would have bled for him, we fancy that no moral degradation can be more complete. We view him soliciting to be a pensioner of England, and we acknowledge that it was even possible to sink still more deeply into infamy. With principles of action utterly unsound, it is surprising how much influence Lord Mar acquired over all with whom he came into collision. He was sanguine in disposition, and, if we may judge by his letters, buoyant in his spirits; his disposition was conciliatory, his manners were apparently confiding. At the bottom of that gay courtesy there doubtless was a heart warped by policy, but not inherently unkind. He attached to him the lowly Lockhart speaks of the love of two of his kinsmen to him:—his tenantry, during his exile, contributed to supply his wants, by a subscription. These are the few redeeming characteristics of one made up of inconsistencies. He conferred, it must be allowed, but little credit on a party which could number among its adherents the brave Earl Marischal, the benevolent and honourable Derwentwater, and the disinterested Nithisdale. When we contrast the petty and selfish policy of the Earl of Mar with the integrity and fidelity of those who fought in the same cause, and over whom he was commander, his character sinks low in the estimate, and acts like a foil to the purity and brightness of his fellow-sufferers in the strife."

With this we close our first notice of a very acceptable publication. The other memoirs which follow will probably occupy the attention of more than one *Gazette*; and we have only now, in our critical vocation of fault-finding, to express our regret at the number of typographical errors, from which it would seem as if Scotch names were as inexplicable for London printing as Egyptian hieratics or Hongkong Chinese.

The Rose-Garden of Persia. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 12mo, pp. 193. Longmans.

ONE (as we have already noticed) of the most graceful of the ornamental works which, at this season of the year (and for this particular year in prolific variety), vie with each other to be chosen as holiday remembrances, Miss Costello's volume is both a novelty and a hit. The embellishments are characteristic and

beautiful: and well adapted to illustrate the flowery page of Persian poetry.

That Percy, we may remark, never has been and never will be popular out of the East. Its elements are oriental, and northern climates cannot taste their fragrance. And some of the reasons are obvious. The language alone is one of the most important features in Persian composition. It is not so much the thought, as the turn of the expression; and the noblest conception of the brain would go for nothing, were it not uttered in the most felicitous form of words. The exigencies of the Italian or English sonnet bear no comparison to the epigrammatic nicety or symphonious music absolutely required for the lyrics and gazels of Persia; and these it is impossible to translate into any other tongue.

Historical, national, and legendary allusions are other leading qualities of the utmost merit in the Persian Muse; and for these no foreign country has any feeling, and consequently, whilst they delight Isfahan or Tabriz, they produce no effect whatever in London or Paris.

The Sufi mysticism of the most famous poets, which creates enthusiastic admiration among natives of the same land and religion, becomes a heavy drawback on the pleasure to be derived from the verse in other soils, and among people of other faiths.

And lastly, we may mention the marked difference of manners, customs, and sentiments, which separates Persia from European sympathies; and need we then wonder how little its literature is cared for in our northern latitudes?*

But nothing that we have advanced, as it were, upon the general issue, bears adversely upon such a selection as that now before us. For with all the disadvantages we have stated, there still remained human nature, ardent passion, deep pathos, wit of universal applicability, playfulness, sublimed love, the idolatry of heroism, the hate of wrong, and other influences of mortal minds, to occupy the genius of the heaven-born of Iran, and give immortality to their effusions. A selection from these can come home to every bosom; for however different, mankind are all alike—have been in every age and climate—have been since the creation of the world, and will be to the end of it.

Thus a good choice, such as Miss Costello has made, is only partially affected by the incongruities, and is fully susceptible of developing the beauties of the renowned poets of Persia, from Ferdusi, her Chaucer, to the latest of her minstrels. She has pieces from him, Roduki, Essedi, Unsuri, Togray, Moasi, Khakani, Omar Khiam (the Voltaire of Persia), Nizami, Sadi, Attar, Hafiz, Jami, Hafsi, and others; and an introduction and notes, &c., which shew that she has spared no pains upon an undertaking so honourable to a female pen. She has briefly noticed the mixture of the Arabic and Persian in these compositions; and it would be a curious task to point out the philological interference between the twenty-eight Arabic and thirty-two Persian letters in

* In illustration of this criticism, we may quote a statement from Miss Costello's introduction: "Ferdusi's 'Shah-Namah,' the great epic, in an English garb, inspires as little admiration, as a whole, as any of the translators of the *Lusid* do to an English reader; Professor Chézy's 'Mejnün and Leila,' elegant and interesting as the translation is, is yet somewhat tedious from its very correctness; and Sadi's fine poems, the 'Bostán' and the 'Gulistán,' though they have been well rendered in English prose, are somewhat ineffective, and it requires the genius of Moore himself to translate adequately his brother minstrel, Hafiz."

some of them, though it would have been too much in a production of this kind. With regard to the fidelity of the translation, we are not prepared without reference to the originals, and even then we might say we were not competent to speak; but we like the modesty of the translator:

"I scarcely dare (she says) address a word to the oriental scholar in extenuation of my attempt to render his darling poets into my northern tongue; I only trust he will forgive the boldness for the sake of the devotion, and, instead of being severe, will at once excuse the execution; considering only the motive, which is to make 'familiar in the mouth as household words' those unknown and unsought treasures, which he alone is capable of prizing to their full value. To the orientalist is known the extreme difficulty of conveying in any European tongue the exact meaning of the poet: the Germans have perhaps succeeded best, in consequence of the construction of their language; but mere words alone in Persian sometimes express so much, that the translator finds all his efforts unavailing to render them of the same force. For instance, the Persians have words and names which at one view exhibit many qualities without more explanation, and which throw a charm over their songs, impossible to reach."*

Before we proceed to the few specimens it is our purpose to offer of the poetry, we must quote a passage which may well apply to this publication in another respect, as it does to the Persian book-trade in all: "a finely ornamented book is considered an excitement to youth to study: in the preface to a work called 'The Dispelling of Darkness,' is this passage: 'This work, accurately written for its calligraphy, must be a comfort and excitement to the young.'"

Our first extract exhibits the style of the Sufis, of whom it is very difficult to believe that their strains were all heavenly, and not a particle of earth. It is from an ode of Hafiz, said to be expressive of holy joy:

"Grapes of pure and glowing lustre!
May the hand that plucked each cluster
Never shake with age!

May the foot ne'er slip that press them!
Oh! 'tis rapture to possess them,
'Spite the chiding sage.

Call, call for wine, the goblet drain,
And scatter round spring's fairest flowers;
What wouldst thou more of fate obtain?
Where canst thou seek for brighter hours?

This was the earthly nightingale's first lay;
What sayest thou to his precepts, Rose of Day?
Oh! bring thy couch where countless roses
The garden's gay retreat discloses;
There in the shade of waving boughs recline,
Breathing rich odours, quaffing ruby wine!

Thou, fairest rose of all, oh, say,
For whom thy hundred leaves dost thou display?
To what blest mortal wilt thou own
Such buds have sprung for him alone?

What have I now to ask?—here all
Life's choicest gifts to me belong;
Prudence and wisdom are but thrall,
The only friends are wine and song!"

Old Anacreon was evidently a Sufi without knowing it; and so is Tom Moore; and the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus, and Lover's Molly Carew and Widow Macree, are Sufi compositions. From Omar Khiam, a bard of the latter end of the 12th century, we take our next specimen, which is directed against the mysticism of his predecessors and contemporaries.

* We were amused, not long ago, in dictionary-hunting in a much less-known language, to find the word we sought explained by a Persian synonyme "sas," which was in turn Englished, "a flea, a louse, a bug, a stepmother!"—Ed. L. G.

"Ye, who seek for pious fame,
And that light should gild your name,
Be this duty ne'er forgot.—
Love your neighbour—harm him not.
To Fate, Great Spirit, I appeal,
Who canst the gates of truth unseal;
I follow none, nor ask the way
Of men who go, like me, astray;
They perish, but Thou canst not die,
But liv'st to all eternity.
Such is vain man's uncertain state,
A little makes him base or great;
One hand shall hold the Koran's scroll,
The other raise the sparkling bowl—
One saves, and one condemns the soul.

The temple I frequent is high,
A turkis-rauted dome—the sky,
That spans the worlds with majesty.
Not quite a Moslem is my creed,
Nor quite a Giaour; my faith, indeed,
May startle some who hear me say,
I'd give my pilgrim's staff away,
And sell my turban, for an hour
Of music in a fair le's tower.
I'd sell the rosary for wine,
Though holy names around it twine;
And prayers, the pious make so long,
Are turned by me to joyous song;
Or, if a prayer I should repeat,
It is at my beloved's feet.

They blame me that my words are clear;
Because I am what I appear;
Nor do my acts my words belie—
At least, I shun hypocrisy.
It happened that but yesterday
I marked a pouter botine clay,
The earl spoke out—"Why dost thou strike?"
Both thou and I are born alike;
Though some may sink, and some may soar,
We all are earth, and nothing more."

Flowers and birds supply our next quotation.
It is from Azz' Eddin Elmocaddesi:

"Learn from birds and flowers, O man!
Virtues that may gild thy name;
And their faults, if thou wouldst scan,
Know thy failings are the same.

The fair narcissus, humble still,
Reflecting on her lowly birth,
And feeling Nature, prone to ill,
Inclines her soft eyes to the earth.

The water-lily, pale with care,
Mourns as the waters pass her by;
'Alas!' she sighs, 'what woes I bear!
And must submit to misery!
But time can never teach my heart
From love's delusive joy to part!

The willow is the only tree
Whose slender boughs for ever wave;
Devotion in their longings live

To Him who leaves and blossoms gave:
And love that gentle willow knows,
Bending its glances towards the rose.

The modest jasmine is content;
She whispers, 'Lovers, why lament!'

The bright anemone to view
Is bright and fair in shape and hue;
But in her leaves no perfume dwells,
And in her heart is wickedness:
With secret scorn her bosom swells;
Her crimes upon her memory press:
'Behold,' she muses, 'beauty glows
All radiant in each outward part;
But ah! my soul too sadly knows
That vice is burning in my heart!'

Thou see'st the nightingale in spring—
He seems as joy were all his own—
From tree to tree, with rapid wing,
He flits, with light in every tone;
So volatile, so debonaire,
As though he never knew a care.

But ah! how much art thou deceived!
His heart is filled with pensive pain—
For earth's frail lot his soul is grieved;
He sees her glory's fleeting train,
And how each beauty withers fast,
Nor leaves a shadow where it passed.
He knows that ruin soon will seize
The sweetest flowers, the fairest trees;
He knows the garden will decay,
And marks it fading day by day.
Thus, if aught thou read his song,
It tells of grief the whole year long!

Know'st thou why round his neck the dove
A collar wears?—it is to tell
He is the faithful slave of love,
And serves all those who serve him well.

The swallow leaves his lowly nest,
And hies him to a foreign shore;
He loves with courtly man to rest,
From whom he learns a higher lore
Than if he kept amongst his kind,
Nor sought with care to store his mind.
And men the welcome swallow prize,
For he a kindly guest is known;
No base or selfish ends he tries,
But friendly converse seeks alone,
The owl has learnt the world's deceit,
Its vanity and struggles vain;
And deems it flattery unmeet
A thought from reason to obtain.
Apart from the perditions throng,
In wisdom's contemplative mood,
To Heaven she gives her whole life long,
And steals to holy solitude.

The peacock, wedded to the world,
Of all her gorgeous plumage vain,
With glowing banners wide unfurled,
Sweeps slowly by in proud disdain;
But in her heart a torment lies,
That dims the lustre of those dyes;
She turns away her glance—but no,
Her hideous feet appear below!
And fatal echoes, deep and loud,
Her secret mind's dark caverns stir;

She knows, though beautiful and proud,
That Paradise is not for her.
For, when in Eden's blissful spot
Lost Eblis tempted man, she dared
To join the treacherous angel's plot,
And thus his crime and sentence shared.
Her frightful claws remind her well
Of how she sinned and how she fell;
And when they meet her startled eyes,
Her fearful shrieks appal the skies!
The parrot talks, and does his best
To make life pass with cheerful mien,
In hopes that in the regions blest
Man will befriend and take him in.

The bat retires to some lone cell,
Where worldly noise can ne'er intrude;
Where he in shade may calmly dwell,
And spend the day in solitude.
Modest and peaceful, well he knows
How frail is man, how false his ways;
And turns him from day's empty shows,
And from the sun's intemperate blaze.
He is enamoured of the night;
And while no rival comes between,
The stars can yield him ample light,
When he may watch and gaze unseen;
Then he retires to muse once more,
On all her beauty's wondrous store;
And feels fair night has charms for him,
To which day's garish rays are dim.

The bee draws forth from fruit and flower
Sweet dews that swell his golden dower;
But never injures by his kiss
Those who have made him rich in bliss.
The moth, though tortured by the flame,
Still hovers round and loves the same;
Nor is his fond attachment less—
'Alas!' he whispers, 'can it be,
Spite of my ceaseless tenderness,
That I am doomed to death by thee?'

The Moolah of Râm, to us another great
little-known, is happy in the subjoined:

"Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

'Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?—
'Tis where those we love abide:
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.

With thee yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream:
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

We would fain conclude with some of the version of portions of Hafiz's pathetic story of the hapless Mejnûn and Leila; but at present can only refer to it as the finest thing in the *Rose-Garden* (though of *Rue*), and promise, if we can, to find room for it in a future *Gazette*.

A World of Wonders, with Anecdotes and Opinions concerning Popular Superstitions. Edited by Albany Poyntz. 8vo, pp. 361. London, R. Bentley.

THE *World of Wonders* is a good captivating title; but in this instance, without its second accompaniment or surname, it would be somewhat of a misnomer. For though many of the wonders and pseudo-wonders which have amazed and amused the world are mentioned, there is so large an admixture of matters which are not wonders at all, and never have been considered as such, that they do not come within this leading definition. Yet every topic is of a popular nature; and if the whole, or even a tithe of them, had been fully discussed, it is true, as the editor has observed, that it would have required a cyclopædia to contain the lubrications. His task has therefore of necessity been of a brief and desultory kind; a sort of touch-and-go, and flying visit. We have seen a swallow skimming the surface of a river, and ever and anon dipping its active wings into the expanse, making a plunge and a splash, and bringing off a small portion of the water, which was shaken from its feathers on its onward flight for another dip; and so it has been with Mr. Albany Poyntz—he has rapidly flown over the wide region of ancient and modern credulity, vulgar errors, and superstitions; and, alighting now and then, fetched away a little piece,* and dropped it from his quill upon the pages of this volume. From it we shall, in the same bird-like manner, transfer some specimen morsels to the *Literary Gazette*.

The longevity of animals is the first subject, and the first animal mentioned is the Stag, respecting which Hesiod declares that "they have been known to attain their 35th century;" and Mr. Poyntz, after justly remarking that, considering the age we assign to the world at his period, this could not have been an opinion founded on much experience, proceeds to state:

"According to many ancient writers besides Hesiod, the stag is the longest lived of animals; and the Egyptians have adopted it as the emblem of longevity. Pliny relates that one hundred years after the death of Alexander, several stags were taken in the different forests of Macedonia, to whose necks that great monarch had, with his own hand, attached collars. This extension of existence is, however, scarcely worth recording, in comparison with the instance commemorated by French historians, of a stag taken in the forest of Senlis in the year 1037, having a collar round its neck on which was inscribed, 'Cæsar hoc me donavit.'"

Our author combats these ideas historically and anatomically, but might, we think, have spared himself the argument by simple reference to the well-known extreme brevity of the existence of this animal as demonstrated to the present generation of living men. So far from continuing three hundred and fifty years, an entire species of the Stag, it is ascertained, can be brought into the world, perform all their functions, flourish and perish, within less than the same number of days. Of all creatures so high an order, they are the most ephemeral. One week has seen them crowding Chapel Park and every adjacent unleafy avenue, and in another the whole herd has disappeared from the face of creation, and the extensive and lovely Bank, round which they browsed, has seemed lonely and desolate. Such is their history in our day; and when future naturalists, Plinys, Aristotles, Buffons, desire to possess correct

data touching their date and mode of being, we trust they will consult this faithful record, wherein thereof *litera scripta TA manet*.

Chapters on incombustible men and ventriloquists lead us to chapter 4, on Pope Joan and the Wandering Jew; to which we only allude that we may notice the former subject as one not unworthy, even yet, of a volume as large as the present. The multitude of remarkable things mixed up in the hundreds of publications which especially treat of or incidentally mention Pope Joan, would well repay the labour of a diligent survey, and furnish materials for as interesting a work in able hands as the popular press could produce. Mr. P. dismisses it very cursorily:

"The invention of Pope Joan is still more easily accounted for; as originating in the desire of the reformed church to expose to contempt the honour of the see of Rome. No contemporary writer so much as alludes to her existence; nor till sixty years after the period assigned as that of her adventures, do we find the monk Radulphus relating the scandalous chronicle of her pretended pontificate. A story of this description once set afloat will never want for commentators; and a variety of other writers instantly seized upon it, improving the details at leisure."

"Fables of history" are instanced in the next chapter, and those particularised are contemptuously refuted; but yet, a few pages on, giving us a history of his own times, the writer has the *naïveté* to state the following fact (and not the only example of similar simple easiness of belief):

"A singular chance directed the attention of Napoleon to the condition of the Jews. A representation of Racine's 'Esther' was given one night at the opera for a benefit; and the following morning, Talma happening to breakfast with the emperor, the conversation turned on the performance of the night before. As they were discussing the character of Mardochée, Champagny, afterwards Duc de Cadore, made his appearance, who was at that time Minister of the Interior. Napoleon instantly began interrogating him concerning the position and resources of the Jews in France; and desired that a report might be drawn up on the subject, and speedily submitted to him. Champagny lost no time in obeying; and the results of this accidental circumstance was the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews."

A person who gravely relates this romance need hardly repudiate such fictions as the old tale of Jewish Illumination ascribed to a Roman emperor whose wickedness has become proverbial, viz. Nero, who, it is said, "on one occasion attempted to illuminate Rome by means of Jews steeped in resinous matter, and thus committed to the flames."

More favourable to the race of Israel is our author, who, in closing his chapter upon these long cruelly-persecuted people, goes a stride in advance, and says:

"As regards the question of usury so often imputed to the Jews, experience has proved of late years, that the most notorious extortioners of this description are of the Christian faith; and it is a question of ethics to inquire whether there be greater turpitude in openly demanding an interest of thirty per cent for a loan of money, or in obtaining the same profit by sale or barter of commodities. A considerable number of tradesmen who pride themselves upon their strict integrity, require a much higher ratio of profit than the per-centage of the money-lending Jews; nor is it necessary to remind the reader that some of the most eminent bankers in Eu-

rope, renowned equally for their probity and liberality, are of the Jewish persuasion."

The next subject is among those to which our preliminary observations apply, as not possibly coming within the category of Wonders of the World. It is of "verbal delicacy" that the writer treats; and we are told:

"Of late years, the ears of the world have become more than ever chaste and refined; and certain words freely used by Shakspeare, in presence of the court of the virgin queen, and by Molière, in presence of that of the most dignified of European monarchs, are now utterly proscribed, and expunged from the modern stage. The fluctuations of opinion on these points are highly diverting. Dean Swift relates that, in his early days, the word 'whiskers' could not be mentioned in a lady's presence; a fact we should be inclined to class among the ingenious fictions of the Dean of St. Patrick, but that at the present day that rational nation, the Americans, have not courage to pronounce the word leg, even in talking of the limb of a table or of a partridge. The false delicacy of the English takes refuge in a foreign language. All such articles of dress or furniture as are held of a nature unmentionable to ears polite are named in French; as if the word *chemise* were a less explicit designation of an indispensable under-garment than the matter-of-fact word *shift*! All this is contemptible hypocrisy, and a silly compromise with common sense. Such an abbreviation as crim. con. conveys fully as indelicate an allusion as the same words written and pronounced in full."

From the latter opinion we utterly dissent. There is much in the mere homage paid to Modesty and Decency in a reserve of language, even though the meaning may be the same. Words from use and familiarity, or connexion with what is low and base, are infinitely more disgusting to the sense than the same import conveyed in foreign disguise or by periphrases. The effect upon the mind is nothing like the same: one might as well assert that you would be as much annoyed from a ball of dirt wrapped up in paper as from a handful of filth thrown directly all over your person. And this is an important question; for in communicating knowledge essential to human affairs, it is often absolutely necessary to describe things of an indelicate kind and unpleasant to the refined and sensitive recipient. In this condition, is it to be deemed "contemptible hypocrisy" not to call a spade a spade? Assuredly not; to avoid vulgarity is the very perfection of civilization. But we must not dissertate on a production so slight as this. In a chapter on "Nostisms and Specifics" (an unbounded theme dismissed in six or eight pages), the following examples are the most new to us:

"Unsuccessful gamesters used formerly to make a knot in their linen; of late years they have contented themselves with changing their chair as a remedy against ill-luck. As a security against cowardice, it was once only necessary to wear a pin plucked from the winding sheet of a corpse. To insure a prosperous accouchement to your wife, you had but to tie her girdle to a bell, and ring it three times. To get rid of warts, you were to fold up in a rag as many peas as you had warts, and throw them upon the high road, when the unlucky person who picked them up became your substitute. In the present day, to cure a toothache you go to your dentist; in the olden time you would have solicited alms in honour of St. Lawrence, and been relieved without cost or pain. * * * Thiers informs us that an illustrious astrologer invented a talis-

* There are above fifty subjects in the 361 pages; i. e. an average of about five pages to each.

man for intercepting the approach of flies to a house; when to his horror, no sooner was it suspended, than a fly, more daring than the rest, deposed a contemptuous mark of disregard upon the charm."

Upon the latter point we ought perhaps to warn our readers, that though much after his line and fashion of writing history, it is not the present French ex-minister who is quoted, but a similar spirit with a similar name, the learned Curé Thiers, who wrote a treatise (Mr. Poyntz, no doubt thinking of our late visitor, p. 76, calls it a "treaty") on Superstitions. The hero of the living historian is not a Fly, but Napoleon Buonaparte, who cared as little as the Curé's Insect for the guards set up to save houses and hearths from invasion, and treated them with equal contempt. When recently in England, and in the highest English society, we may tell by way of anecdote of this bustling panegyrist of the Emperor, and the oracle of Young France (as a chance for re-ascension to power) himself displayed no less charlatanism in disregard to the proprieties of life; and ventured to contravene all the rules held in esteem among polished Englishmen by impertinences which, had he been "native born," would have led to his being shewn down stairs! *Mais allons donc.* Chapter 11 is on Physiognomy, and it is laid down:

"Amongst Europeans, the Italians rank first for beauty of nose: the Dutch, for the excessive ugliness of that feature. The English nose is apt to be thick and cartilaginous; that of the Jews, somewhat crooked. In France, almost every man of genius has had a well-formed nose. Short and flat noses, so censured by Aristotle, still rank low in the science of physiognomy. Socrates, however, was a singular instance of a hideous nose. Boerhaave and Gibbon possessed one of the same disagreeable form." [As if Boerhaave and Gibbon had only one nose between them, when heaven knows, the two would not have made out one tolerable feature of that class.]

"The sincerity of Lavater is undeniable. But even had we his convictions, we should hesitate to decide in favour of the infallibility or applicability of his system; which is more the result of a peculiar personal sagacity, constantly on the watch, than the efficacy of the art. A man may be born a physiognomist, but to become one by mere force of study, is next to impossible."

We would exactly reverse this axiom. A man may as soon be born an astronomer as a physiognomist. It is by study and experience alone that he can become either. For, after all, what are the appearances on which a judgment (certainly not infallible, but approaching to a shrewd conclusion) can be formed? The physiognomy of an individual is nothing more nor less than a particular expression of countenance, the result of habitual feelings or passions, and ultimately affecting the physical form of features. Upon this it is that we surmise the character. The various circumstances and temperaments of men make physiognomies. As pride elevates and malignity depresses the brow, or as mirth enlivens and grief melts the eye, or as vanity protrudes and scorn curls the lip, as we can generally discover at a glance what emotion temporarily influences the breast, so can we learn to tell when these emotions become predominant and are permanently indulged, by the facial muscles becoming their undoubted symbols and representatives. This is the "science" of physiognomy; and that of craniology, to which the writer seems more to incline, labours under the disadvantage that it

cannot observably change structure, so as to afford criteria for judgment. The one is a construction upon what has happened—the past; the other tends to establish a doctrine of normal and inevitable necessity, causing and not being altered or controlled by events or free-will.

In his penultimate chapter (51), Mr. Poyntz speaks of "professions esteemed infamous;" and, after noticing spies and executioners, falls upon the Stage. He observes upon the strong religious objection to actors so long entertained, and still to a great extent lingering in France, and their denial of Christian burial, and even their excommunication, within the present century; contrasting it with the interment of Garrick in Westminster Abbey, and the reception in society, with the same respect as is conceded to any other order of literary persons, of such persons as the Kembles, Young, Macready, &c. whose conduct in private life is as exemplary as their dramatic talents are distinguished. But it is strange, whilst thus vindicating the profession and the artists who adorn it, the writer should be guilty of so illiberal a sentiment as to pronounce "the intermarriage of the nobility with actresses" to be "a violent and pernicious extreme." Assuredly this is unjust as the French refusal of funeral rites; and as far as example has gone, we have reason to believe that few unions have been more happy and irreproachable than those between noblemen and actresses whose previous reputation has been unstained, and who have raised themselves to respect and distinction by a life of propriety and virtue in the midst of trials and temptations to which few others of their sex are exposed. The lights-of-love of the theatres who have luckily met with such advancement are only like the giddy or tainted of other classes; but those who have passed virtuously through the fiery ordeal, bring characters to brighten any coronet, independently of the accomplishments which must belong to them.

In another chapter Mr. Poyntz stands up for the negro races; and elsewhere touches on fabulous animals, wild women, sibyls, the philosopher's stone, giants and dwarfs, ghosts, dreams, sorcery and magic, &c., to which we can now do little more than refer. On prejudices attached to certain animals, he notices, *inter alia*, oysters—at present in such perfection at Mr. Lynn's.*

"Pliny" maintains that oysters grow fat or thin according to the phases of the moon; while most modern oyster-eaters attribute the change to certain months, rather than certain weeks of the year. It is an equally erroneous supposition that milk promotes the digestion of oysters; which may be proved by trying to dissolve them in hot or cold milk. The prejudice that they are out of season when no *r* figures in the name of the month originated in the difficulty of transferring them fresh from the coast to the capital during the months of May, June, July, and August. By the sea-side, they will be found good at all seasons of the year.

"The bite of the tarantula spider was long said to produce involuntary dancing; simply because the persons bitten, on applying to the local practitioners of the healing art, were instantly ordered to dance the *pizzica*, the rapid

* A clever etymologist might make something out of this conjunction, and we dare say it was that which put the name into our brain together with a barrel of the best natives. *Et, gr.* *Lynn* is supposed to be derived from, and a slight corruption of, *Pliny* the ancient Roman naturalist, and who seems from his writings to have paid much attention to the fattening of oysters. Thus *lyn*, with the prefix *p*, forms the word *Pliny*; to which adding the common euphonious termination *g* or *ny* you have *Pliny* or *Plingny*. Q. E. D.—Ed. L. G.

Sicilian dance of the provinces where the tarantula abounds, in order to promote circulation and neutralise the effects of the poison. Whole villages used to assemble to witness the result, and whenever the patient expired of the bite of the reptile, he was said to have danced himself to death. Such is the origin of the Neapolitan superstition of the tarantula."

On the education of children, Mr. P. has some very brief but pertinent remarks—thus ending:

"Often do children so young as to appear deficient in observation receive vague but indelible impressions, afterwards recalled by a retrospective view; when the past appears clear and free from the vapours which veiled it from our earlier comprehension. Among the lower orders, if a poor man be laborious, his son is usually the same. But the son of a father who ill-uses the mother is pretty sure to turn out an idler and a duncie in childhood, and in ripen years a ruffian."

From a sequel to the ghost-stories we select the following paragraphs, wherewith to conclude our (may we call it) dipping review of this agreeable volume:

"There is one instinct which we are bound to accord to ghosts, *i. e.* a wonderful aptitude for the discovery of cowards! In the ghost-stories of all countries, it is observable that the first impulse of the person addressed by a spectre is to take to his heels. With the exception of the lady of the Beresford family, who is said to have sat and talked theology with her brother, there is no record of a rational conversation between a disembodied spirit and those of the flesh; for the pretended apparition of Mrs. Veale is now known to have been an ingenious bookseller's puff of the work of Drelincourt on Death.

"In the southern provinces of France there prevails a superstition, derived probably from the lycanthropy of the ancients, that certain persons assume at night the form of wolves, and roam the country for prey, under the name of *loup-garoux*; a fable which gave rise to Perrault's charming fairy-tale of Little Red Riding-Hood."

The Forget Me Not. Ackermann and Co.

In our last we briefly adverted to the issue of this old-established Annual, and to its possession of its usual recommendations. There is, moreover, a melancholy interest shed over it this year, which seems singularly congenial to its familiar and appropriate name. Several of its articles are posthumous. The motto on the title-page has the signature of L. E. L.; and there are papers by the late Thomas Hood, the late Miss Jewsbury, the late Captain M'Naghten, and the late Mrs. Gray. And how sad is the following poem, from the pen of the last, drearily designated

"The Anniversary of Death!"

We keep an anniversary to-day—
But not as those who mark, with festal mirth,
The victories of ages passed away.

Or sweet home-time of marriage, or of birth—
We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath:
Ours is an anniversary of death!

Oh, how this day recalls the bitter past!
This summer day, our loved one's last of life;
And this deep midnight hour, her very last,
Wherein she slumbered from the final strife!
Even now the death-damp crept o'er every limb—
Even now her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature—
Panting her very life in fever forth;
I see her yet, with every lovely feature
Bearing the prophecy of 'earth to earth.'

Yet with her soft, deep-loving eyes, whose meekness
Looked gratefully around through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her deathbed laid,
Her face all still, yet mutely eloquent—

A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
Shewed on her brow the fulness of content;
The small, white, drooping hand, the braided hair,
The steeple lip, the cheek so calmly fair.

One year ago, this night, my hands for her
Performed the last sad offices of love;
Still, midst my task, I dreamed her pulse must stir—
My straining eyes saw those dark tresses move!
But the white morning broke upon thy brow,
Beloved and lovely one, and what wast thou?

A rigid corpse—a marble image, changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form,—
A something sadly from our dreams estranged,
That looked as though with life 'twas never warm,
That seemed our hearts instinctively to draw,
Yet thrilled them with a deep mysterious awe.

Sweet one, thou liest in thy lowly tomb,
We ask not of thy mortal relics now—
They perished like the wild flower's summer bloom,
Yet are they garnered as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall bring
An incorruptible and holy thing!

Said I that we should mourn? The thought I call
Back to my heart—we keep no mournful day;
Let there be high and solemn festival,
As, for the saints of old who passed away,
The church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer.

We celebrate a victory—o'er the earth,
Its tribulation, its decay, its sighs;
We celebrate a glorious day of birth,
An entrance on a life that never dies;
We keep a marriage-feast—her darksome tomb
Is but a passage to the Bridegroom's home!"

We could not find in our heart to mingle
Any thing lively with this; but the sweetness
and feeling of the following "Lover's Ballad,"
by Miss Jewsbury, may well entitle it to an
adjacent niche:

"She's on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there, the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But oh! the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound.

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!"

The "Sleeping Slave," another charming
piece by the same hand, also commands a
place.

"Ay, sleep!—alas, the day's at hand;
On tree and flower the morn-dews stand;
One hour, and on heaven's arched blue
The risen sun will spring to view,
And thou must greet him from the wave,
Midst flowers, and dews, and light—a Slave!

Yet sleep!—that hour is all thine own,
And dreams may on its wings be strown,
Bright as if wafted from afar
By genii guests of moon or star;
Brighter than on his eyes may rest,
The slumbering lord of east and west.

Dream, wretched one—but not of time,
Nor ev'n thine own remembered clime!
Dream not of mother, wife, or boy,
Of childhood's games, or freedom's joy;
Forget thy native valley's stream—
Forget thy father's house—yet dream!

Dream of the world beyond the grave,
Be broad, but in it walk no slave!
Of heaven, where many mansions be,
Of Him, who orders one for thee,
Of Him, who notes thy tears and sighs;
Dream thus and conquer—Slave, arise!"

This is succeeded by some beautiful lines by
Charles Swain; but we are so often graced by
his original compositions, that we will not copy
his acceptable contributions from other quarters.
The prose productions, with an exception in fa-
vour of "The Penitent and his Penance," by
Abbot Lee, and "The Portrait," by the Old
Sailor, and perhaps another or two, do not pos-
sess any great merit; and such a coinage as

"torporised spirit" in the "Choicest Flask,"
otherwise not a badly composed story, would set
us against it. Of the nine plates, the frontispiece,
a pretty female figure, the Sketch from Nature,
another yet prettier, will please the young.
The "Choicest Flask" is very darkly rendered;
the "Penitent," by M'Ian, is a spirited com-
position; the "Portrait," by Chisholm, character-
istic of the time of the second Charles; and
"Verona," by Prout, a very clever specimen of
his pencil.

First Series to Anatomy. By J. L. Drummond,
M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology
in the Royal Belfast Institution. Pp. 201.
London, Van Voorst.

A CLEAR, concise, and able guide—discovering
nothing new, which, indeed, could not be ex-
pected; but setting the old knowledge in a
light most useful and advantageous for study.

The Good Shepherd and the Chosen Flock. By the
Rev. T. Dale, M.A., &c. Pp. 234. London,
Bowdery and Kerby.

As we stated with reference to his *Sabbath
Companion*, the name of the author is a suf-
ficient passport to extensive popularity; and we
may add also of this volume, that it is worthy
of his Christian reputation. The purest piety
is enforced, and the more powerfully as the rea-
soning is most gentle and sweet. It is thus
that persuasion is and ought to be wrought.

The Manual of Heraldry, &c. Pp. 132.
Jeremiah How.

A NICE little book, with four hundred woodcuts,
which illustrate brief but sufficient descriptions
of the multitude of heraldic designations, and a
vocabulary of the terms applied to all the com-
pounds of this compound study. We know not
how it is, but reading about heraldry is always
amusing to every class of people; and there-
fore we may truly say, that this Manual is both
entertaining and useful.

*Reasons for Attachment and Conformity to the
Church of England.* By the Rev. R. Meek,
A.M. Hatchards.

A THIRD edition—need we say more in favour
of a little book excellently adapted for its pur-
pose?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20th.—It is with great satisfaction we hear
that at this the first meeting of the season, the
noble president announced a resolution of the
council to invite discussion on the papers read;
and that in order to bring together and to pre-
pare in some degree the Fellows interested in
any particular branch of science, the titles of
the matter to be brought forward should be
made known at the previous meeting. We
hail this as a dawn of new life and vigour, and
as the initiative in a series of changes calcu-
lated, as we think, to confirm and to perpetuate
the Royal Society in the high station it has held
and should maintain in the courts of science.
Earlier distribution of the proceedings will, we
trust, be the next improvement. And then, a
greater than either, the reports of committees
to be made to the general body, accompanied
with reasons and explanations for the opinions
given and the recommendations resolved upon.
Be this, however, as it may, discussion is a
most approved innovation.

At this meeting we understand the first part
only of Faraday's paper, on the relation of
light, electricity, and magnetism, was read;
which shewed that powerful electro-magnets so
acted upon transparent bodies, solid and liquid,

but especially the silico-borate of lead, that a
beam of polarised light passing through it was
affected, and that the rotation was from left to
right. This effect, however, was only produced
when the magnetic lines of force were parallel
to the ray of light. Numerous di-magnetics
were tried, and, with few exceptions, all ex-
hibited this phenomenon more or less; the ro-
tative powers of those substances naturally
possessing this property being increased or
diminished according as their rotating agency
was opposed to or in conformity with the di-
rection of the electro-magnetic influence. Va-
rious gases also were submitted to experiment;
but as yet no similar effect has been detected
in them.

This paper, the sixteenth series of Faraday's
experimental researches, is to be concluded and
discussed at the next meeting, and a commu-
nication by Sir John Herschel, from the pen of
Mrs. Somerville, to be read.

The official report, with which we have been
favoured, received since writing the above,
states that a great number of presents were an-
nounced, including 460 volumes of Chinese
literature; that Alfred S. Taylor, lecturer on
chemistry and medical jurisprudence in Guy's
hospital, and Peter William Barlow, Esq., were
elected fellows of the society; and that John
Lettsom Elliot, Esq., Peter Brodie, Esq., and
Jonathan Peel, Esq., were put to the ballot but
not elected. It also enables us to give the fol-
lowing correct title of Faraday's communica-
tion: "On the magnetisation of light, and the
illumination of magnetic lines of force, including
the actions of magnets on light, the action of
electric currents on light, and general consid-
erations," by Michael Faraday, Esq. D.C.L.

We stated in our last that the Royal Society
seems to have got into a turmoil, through the
appearance of letters on railroad-speculations,
and expressed a hope that the firmness of Mr.
J. P. Gassiot, who had been particularly out-
raged, would lead to some explanation. Whether
the publication of an official letter (if signed
by the assistant secretary under authority), in
answer to an anonymous correspondent to the
Times, was or was not a well-judged act on the
part of the society, will probably be discussed
at the coming general meeting. In the
mean time, from what we hear, we may state,
that the authorship of the attacks has been
brought home to Sir James South. Mr. Gas-
siot's solicitor, we believe, called upon the *Times*
to disclose the name of the writer in their
columns signing himself "A Contributing Fellow
of the Royal Society." The reply to this was,
of course, that it was contrary to their practice
to disclose the name of a correspondent, un-
less under his own consent, or unless the
assertions made were proved to be false.
In the case of Mr. Gassiot we presume
this latter position was fully proved to the
satisfaction of the editor by the man of law,
for the second communication to him de-
livered the name of Sir James South. Upon
this, we understand, Mr. Gassiot wrote to Sir
James South, affording him an opportunity to
admit or deny the truth of the confession of the
Times. Sir James, however, in reply, stated
that the question put by Mr. Gassiot was not
one to be asked by one gentleman of another,
or words to that effect, and so declined an
answer. This we believe to be a true version
of the proceedings subsequent to the appearance
of Mr. Gassiot's letters, advertised in the
Times. But Mr. Gassiot, we think, cannot be
silent upon the matter, and we look for his
statement of this curious affair.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 15, 1845.
 Academy of Sciences: sitting of Nov. 10th.—M. Thenard, for himself and MM. Pelouze and Regnault, read a report on a memoir of M. Fremy, entitled "Researches on a new series of acids formed of oxygen, sulphur, hydrogen, and azote." The following are the results of the investigations. Sulphurous acid gas, passed through a highly concentrated and very alkaline azotite of potash, produces four new and very distinct salts, deposited in crystals on the instant of their formation. The first, which the author calls sulphazite of potash, is very alkaline and readily soluble; it crystallises like grape-sugar; the second, which he names sulphazate, is less soluble and less alkaline than the first; it crystallises in fine needles, like the sulphocyanuret of potassium; the third, less soluble and less alkaline than the second, crystallises in fine rhomboids; it is distinguished by the name sulphazotite; the excess of alkali may be taken up by a current of carbonic acid, and the salt becomes then insoluble; the fourth is neutral, almost entirely insoluble in water; it takes the form of beautiful silky needles, and has received the name of sulphammonate. The common radicle of the first three is $Az. O^3$, $3HO$, $3KO$ (or one equivalent of azotous acid, three of water, and three of potash), to which sulphurous acid being added in proportions of 3, 4, and 5, constitutes sulphazotous, sulphazic, and sulphazotic acids. The fourth acid, which is last produced, contains, like the others, $Az. O^3 + 3HO$; but it includes eight equivalents of sulphurous acid and four of potash. Besides the above, M. Fremy has discovered five others, which are also quite new salts and of the same family. Water at 40° to 50° changes the sulphazotite of potash into sesquisulphate and sulphazide; under the same influence the sulphammonate is converted at first into bisulphate and sulphamide, and then into neutral sulphate and metasulphamide. Water together with the oxide of silver, or the peroxide of lead, on the sulphazotite produces two new acids, and consequently two new salts: these are the sulphazilic, crystals, needles of a golden yellow colour, and the metasulphazilic, crystallising by concentration into very beautiful white rhomboids. The memoir will be published in the *Recueil des Savants Etrangers*.

M. Triger communicated a new method of employing compressed air, as practised under his invention, in the coal-mines of Maine and Loire, where the workings pass under the latter river at a depth of 100 metres. A steam-engine, of about 18 to 20 horse power, on the surface, used for the ordinary purposes, ventilating, &c., is made to compress air, by which another engine, of about 10 to 12 horse power, at the bottom of the pit, is put in motion; and this second engine works an incline of 90 metres. The compressed air acts as a liquid body, and may be compared in this machine to a column of water the reservoir of which was at a distance of 350 metres. An advantage, too, of this arrangement is the facility of ventilation in places where air could not be otherwise conveyed.

M. Bouffignie wrote concerning the application of the "spheroidal state" to the detection of arsenic. When, by Marsh's apparatus, the stains are obtained, they should be touched with nitric acid, which transforms them into arsenious or arsenic acid; which acids are decomposed by sulphohydric acid, and a sulphuret of arsenic procured. This sulphuret, dissolved in ammonia, and placed in a platinum capsule at a suitable temperature, immediately

takes the spheroidal state. If the small sphere be touched with a tube impregnated with chlorohydric acid, it will change its colour and become yellow. Treated then with ammonia, it loses this colour, and so alternately with either acid or alkali. The sulphuret is to be reduced by a small crystal of carbonate of soda, when the capsule is withdrawn from the fire; and after drying this saline mass, the primitive arsenical stain may be regenerated by heating in a tube closed at one end.

M. Pelouze communicated, in the name of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, the fact, that corn damaged in the holds of vessels by prolonged contact with salt water contains valeric and butyric acids. The prince is occupied with searching for the cause of the formation of these acids, especially of the former, the existence of which, under the above circumstances, is peculiarly worthy of interest.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Nov. 13.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. N. J. Ridley, Christ Church College; Rev. Sir C. A. Bishopp, Bart., Merton College; grand compounders: Rev. W. A. Buckland, student of Christ Church College; Rev. G. F. Fessey, Lincoln College; Rev. R. W. Hippisley, Rev. J. B. Simpson, Exeter College; Rev. W. Jackson, Queen's College; Rev. W. F. Boyd, Rev. C. Stuart, New Inn Hall; Rev. N. Gorman, Oriel College; J. Hawker, Balliol College; Rev. G. Masters, Worcester College; Rev. G. N. Phillips, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. King, St. John's College; A. L. White, P. R. Haggitt, Balliol College; grand compounders: F. H. Fitzroy, P. Cumin, G. Thring, J. Collins, Balliol College; C. C. Cranthorpe, J. W. Darabrough, Lincoln College; W. Clarke, S.W. Heale, J. B. Smeaton, Queen's College; J. W. Conant, J. Davenport, C. A. Wickes, St. John's College; A. F. Boyse, J. Bentley, Christ Church College; W. C. Jowett, G. Rose, W. H. Boscawen, J. M. Bridge, S. Clark, J. Tomlin, Magdalen Hall; B. Cleave, W. Homfray, R. G. Botcherby, J. Menet, G. H. Mitchever, Exeter College; A. W. E. Viner, J. Hewitt, University College; J. Hughes, scholar, H. H. Owen, Jesus College; J. A. Guthrie, D. T. Gladstone, Wadham College; T. Grenall, S. B. Stewart, Brasenose College; W. W. Bradley, demy of Magdalen College; W. L. Pope, Pembroke; C. W. Edgell, T. E. Powell, W. Fraser, Oriel College; J. W. Coles, J. D'Arcy Preston, Worcester College.

Cambridge, Nov. 12.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. Ramsay, J. S. Hargrath, R. K. Haskhurst, J. Jones, Trinity College; G. M. Gould, St. John's College; J. M. W. Piercy, Clare Hall; F. W. Dowling, Caius College; R. Leigh, Queen's College; E. Whiteley, Jesus College; grand compounder.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. B. Grenside, H. Clelan, R. Lediard, Trinity College; G. E. Freeman, W. V. Kitching, St. John's College; Z. S. Sharpnell, St. Peter's College; G. Sowden, Magdalen College; R. Knipe, Emmanuel College.

Ad eundem.—Rev. F. T. M'Dougall, M.A., St. Mary Magdalene Hall, Oxford.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting for the season of this Association took place at the theatre of the Western Institution on Wednesday evening, when a crowded attendance of associates and their friends bore witness to the continued prosperity of the society. Lord Albert Conyngham, who took the chair at eight o'clock, was most warmly greeted, and addressed the meeting in a short but effective speech. His lordship stated the object the committee had in view in instituting these periodical meetings, which he trusted would be a means of attracting many new and important facts in archaeological research. The Association, he said, might at present be compared to a gifted youth rising in the world, who at first would be subjected to the arrows of envy, malice, and neglect; but when he had "got a name," the highest in the land would be anxious to secure his acquaintance. Mr.

Pettigrew produced a long list of new associates, which, containing names so highly influential and respectable, proved that the British Archeological Association had already attained the second stage of his lordship's simile. Amongst them we were gratified to hear announced the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Conyngham, the Earl Powis, the Earl Ducie, the Earl of Effingham, Lord Thurlow, Viscount Cantalupo, Viscount Maidstone, W. J. Denison, M.P., Hon. W. Ridley Colborne, M.P., Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bt., Rev. R. Cattermole, Major Dundas, Dawson Turner, Esq., Rev. Dr. E. Hincks, Rev. Longueville Jones, John Britton, Esq., Dean Murray, E. Peel, Esq., Rev. J. Papillon, C. T. Swanston, Esq., W. Wansley, Esq., and George Godwin, Esq.

Mr. Pettigrew read an interesting paper by Mr. M. A. Lower, of Lewes, on the recently discovered remains of William, Earl of Warren, and his wife Gundreda, who is stated to have been the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror. William de Warren was the founder of Lewes Priory, the principal Cluniac monastery in England; and these remains were discovered on the 28th of October last, on the site of the ancient priory, by the workmen engaged in the formation of a new railway near that town, at the distance of two feet from the surface. The remains of Gundreda were enclosed in a leaden coffer, 2 ft. 8 in. long, 12½ in. broad, and 8½ in. deep; and those of William of Warren in another coffer of nearly equal dimensions. The bones are preserved in sufficiently good preservation to enable us to conclude with tolerable accuracy on their statures while living; and Mr. Pettigrew observed, that of the many human jaw-bones he had seen, he had never met with one intimating such immense power as that found in De Warren's coffer. Gundreda died at Castle Acre, in Norfolk, on the 27th of May, 1085, and was buried at Lewes Priory; so that these remains are nearly eight centuries old. In order to account for their small size of the coffers, it is presumed by Mr. Lower that the bodies had been previously buried and afterwards exhumed, probably after the rebuilding of the convent in 1243, and then placed in them. Mr. Lower added some observations on other discoveries lately made on the same site, and we trust the whole foundations of the ancient priory will be uncovered. Such a work might serve to supply us with facts useful in the history of ancient institutions of that kind; though at the same time we must add, that we hope our antiquaries will not lose sight of the importance of obtaining practical facts and sure deductions in their enthusiastic researches after our national antiquities. We are all apt to place too much importance on our particular line of studies. Some people, for example, will tell you that nothing is worth attending to but Gothic architecture, and we thoughtfully whispering that a chapter of real history or a page of Shakspeare is of far greater importance, for these latter must carry their beneficial influence to the ends of the earth as long as literature itself shall last. But we are wandering from our subject. These remarks can apply only generally, as far as Mr. Lower's paper is concerned; for it was truly a valuable and interesting memoir, worthy of its writer and the Archeological Association. Some observations made by Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Corner on this paper tended to throw a doubt on the alleged fact of Gundreda being the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, in the absence of any authentic evidence to that effect. Mr. Wright observed, that even the inferior tes-

timony of more recent writers must be received, although of course with caution, in the absence of any proof against them; and he added, that as it was clearly proved that Gundreda was the daughter of Matilda, queen of William the Conqueror, and as there was no evidence to shew that Matilda was twice married, the presumptive evidence was in favour of Mr. Lower's assertion. Mr. Jerdan and Mr. Britton took part in the discussion.

Mr. Baylis exhibited some interesting tapestry of the fifteenth century, representing incidents in the wars of the Roses. It was formerly in the town-hall at Coventry, and the correct and intelligent portraits of Margaret of Anjou, and other prominent personages of the time, render it a highly valuable and important relic. We regret to add, that the noble president was suffering severely from indisposition, so that his presence on this occasion exhibits the strong interest he takes in the welfare of the society; and the enthusiastic manner in which he was received will, we trust, be convincing that his exertions are duly appreciated. We have seldom passed a pleasanter and more instructive hour than that occupied by the meeting we have just described.

MR. J. ORCHARD HALLIWELL.

REFERRING to the brief remarks in our last No. upon the case of this gentleman, we rejoice to see that the public voice, expressed through the ordinary channels of appeal, has loudly seconded and enforced his demand for investigation and justice. Strong in general principles as are the anonymous statements and reasoning which have appeared on this subject, they are weak in comparison with the manly simplicity and ingenuousness of Mr. Halliwell's own explanation. It was, indeed, but a shadow against which he had to defend himself, but it was of a nature black enough to darken his whole life; and the difficulty and pain of the encounter can hardly be over-estimated. Substance, or a substantive charge, may readily be met, and are rarely beyond the means of refutation; but whispers, innuendos, slanders, and beliefs taken up from exaggerating rumour or private malignity, are almost impossible to grapple with and dissipate. The more honest and honourable the party so assailed, the more is he exposed to be sacrificed as a victim. He has never suspected the baseness which could assist in inflicting such a cruelty; and far less the triple baseness which could invent the first falsehood. Let us for the honour of humanity hope that carelessness and ignorance have contributed more to this "unoward" proceeding than villainy of mind or wickedness of heart; and even that position and circumstances may have misled some of those concerned into an apparently unjustifiable line of conduct. But the time has come that all of them must assume their real colours. They are now upon their trial, and not Mr. Halliwell. The English sense of right will not permit the humblest individual to be cut to pieces, as it were, between the two blades of a pair of scissors, without inquiring who put the shears into action, and on what grounds they were impelled to meet and mangle a character. Trinity College, Cambridge, and the British Museum have enacted the scissors: by whom and how were they moved? They are both important national bodies, and deeply responsible to popular opinion. Earnestly do we trust that they will come candidly forward and redress this grievance with the magnanimity so well becoming the powerful; if not, they must substantiate their suspicions of Mr. Halliwell, and shew them to

have been sufficient to excuse the oppression and persecution to which he has been subjected. Among the published letters, one from Mr. Thomas Wright, in the *Times* of Thursday, especially merits our applause. In his own name, a Master of Arts and very distinguished ornament of Trinity College, this gentleman shrinks not from the task of defending his younger friend and associate in several valuable literary productions. His statement is unanswerable; but what we admire above all in it is, the bold integrity of the writer, forming so noble a contrast to the mean propagators of scandal, and ready accreditors and repeaters of injurious reports. There is no cowardly sneaking here from the assertion of truth and vindication of One labouring under calumny. Mr. Wright tells the story of Trinity College Library from intimate personal acquaintance with it; and that story sweeps from Mr. Halliwell's enemies, wherever they are, the possibility of establishing any charge against him; whilst his own behaviour in the affair, from first to last, is enough to convince any man of clear judgment and undepraved imagination that a more improbable piece of roguery was never patched together than that out of which these imputations have been forged.

NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

"An artful dodge" seems to be on the tapis in respect to the reception and preservation of national antiquities, discovered in the course of metropolitan improvements, or other public works. A correspondent of the *Times* writes, in reference to some *falsing* paragraphs in that journal, that the "city authorities" were looking about them to find a place to deposit the Exchange antiquities in (discovered about four years ago), and that the trustees and managers of the British Museum were thinking of allotting one room in that immense establishment to British antiquities. "I congratulate these bodies upon their evincing, even at the eleventh hour, so sudden and lively an interest in national antiquities. It had generally been understood that the Joint Gresham Committee did not like to be at the expense of fitting up a room for the reception of the Roman remains discovered four years ago on the site of the Exchange, and the daily papers had often shewn the failure of motions for a museum in Guildhall, made by Mr. Jott, F.S.A., and one or two more in the Court of Common Council. It is to be hoped there is no mistake in this matter. The city of London is, in one respect, unlike almost every city and town in Europe. It has no museum for its antiquities, and but for the liberality of one or two individuals, not a record would have been made of the vast number of interesting antiquities discovered and destroyed during the last fifteen or twenty years. Many are deceived by the notion that the British Museum is a museum of national antiquities, and that it might supersede the necessity of a city museum. But the fact is no less true than startling, that, notwithstanding the enormous sums of public money and private bequests expended upon the British Museum up to the present day, there is not a single room devoted to British antiquities. It is true that individuals have made presents to that institution of national works of ancient art, but they have never yet been arranged, and are almost useless for reference. If, instead of devoting one room to the antiquities of their fatherland, the trustees would set apart a room, or at least a department, for the antiquities of every county, then the establishment might well be termed a British Museum."

Connected with this subject, the *Globe* reports, that "on Monday evening, at the Institute of British Architects, it was stated by Mr. Tite, the architect to the Royal Exchange, that a large collection of the antiquities of Roman London, found in the excavations for that building, were in store in a spare room at the London Institution, and which it was yet undecided whether to transfer to the City of London Library, at Guildhall, or to a room at Gresham-buildings to be appropriated to the purpose. The circumstances under which they were found were singular and interesting. On the south side of the Exchange, while excavating for a foundation, the workmen came to a solid bed of concrete, about fifteen feet below the surface; on penetrating through which they found a dark peaty mass, forming a pit nine feet in depth, and literally filled with every description of Roman rubbish. The pit was indicated by surrounding circumstances to have been a hole out of which gravel had been dug for the formation of neighbouring roads or garden-walks, afterwards converted into a horse-pond, as appears from the remains of horse-furniture, and eventually it became the city-rubbish-hole. There were found in it a very extensive collection of coins, amphora, shoes, and sandals, and every variety of articles of domestic use, even to bodkins with the wool in them, the animal and vegetable matters being in a high state of preservation from the nature of the peaty mass in which they were found. This had been piled, and upon it a bed of concrete had been laid, on which Roman buildings had been erected; nor were the foundations of these removed when the two Royal Exchanges in succession were erected. Mr. Tite also remarked on the presence of peat-mud found in excavations near the Thames, shewing the former growth of rushes or other rank vegetation, and which had been found as high up from the river as the Cheapside end of Friday-street."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; Statistical, 8 p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.
Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.; Ethnological, 8 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; R. S. of Literature, 4 p.m.
Friday.—Philological, 8 p.m.
Saturday.—Botanical (anniversary meeting), 8 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A PORTION of our readers, unacquainted with the constitution of the Royal Academy, may not be aware, that at the end of every year, on the 31st of December, the President lays down his golden chain and badge, and submits himself to re-election by his brethren. Referring to the ill health and already proffered resignation of Sir Martin A. Shee, the approaching anniversary is looked forward to with more than usual interest. Will the President persevere in his determination? and if so, who is likely to become his successor? Her Majesty, as we recently noticed, granted a pension of 200*l.* per annum on Lady Shee; and the Academy have, we understand, secured to Sir Martin, by an *à priori* resolution, the 300*l.* a year, bequeathed to the President for the time he holds the office, by Sir Francis Chantrey, but which will not fall in till the death of his widow, Lady Chantrey. These look like preparations for a change. Of Academicians eli-

gible for the vacated chair, several are mentioned. Mr. Eastlake is spoken of in the foreground; but it is asked, will he give up his appointments in the Commission of Fine Arts, the British Institution, &c., which produce a revenue, for the unprofitable station of President, which entails much expense, and is only valuable as it may bring commissions to the holder? Sir R. Westmacott, of so high standing in every way, as an artist and in private character, is also named; but the majority would seem to desire a painter, and not a sculptor. The same remark applies to Mr. Cockerell. Mr. Pickersgill occupies an eminent position, and is one of the oldest members of the body; but we cannot tell whether he is popular enough, especially where there has of late years been so copious an infusion of young blood. Others are also mentioned; but there is much embarrassment in the choice; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, at this era, to find an individual combining so many qualifications for the office as were united in Sir Martin Shee. There ought to be, as far as there can be, a union of excellence in art, of literary attainments, of courteous and gentlemanly manners, of liberal and enlightened sentiments, of a facility for addressing public meetings, and of a certain experience of the surrounding world, beyond the limited circle of the easel and studio. For the President of the Royal Academy ought not only to be able to paint a fine picture, but he should also possess talents for representing the Institution, in a dignified way, among the highest classes of the community, for meeting princes and nobles at home with propriety suited to his station, and for holding intercourse with foreign artists and distinguished personages, so as to reflect credit upon himself, and honour upon the Academy, whose head and chief he is. This is no common character. How is the anticipated want to be supplied?

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. Studies.

THE originals liberally left by their owners this year have been, two Sir Joshua's, a Murillo, a Cuyp, two Berghems, a Both, a Maas, a Rembrandt, a Spangioletti, and a Vandyke. Of these the favourites adopted by our students were, one of the Sir Joshua's (the other, entitled *Theory*, attracted only one copyist, but a very successful one, Miss Sharpe), the Murillo, Rembrandt, Cuyp, one of the Berghems, and Vandyke. The Spangioletti, a most painful Crucifixion, was also copied by eight or ten hands. On a glance we observed the whole end of the north room occupied with a glow of fair girls, after our own admired countryman; whilst the right wall was equally covered with the Angelic Ascent of Murillo, and the left with the Cattle-piece of Cuyp. In the middle room the forcible old head, by Rembrandt, and its numerous imitations, was the most striking feature; and elsewhere the Berghem and Vandyke studies prevailed. The whole exhibition is rather less successful and prominent than it has been in former years, but still there was enough to gratify the friends of our native school. A study from the Murillo, by Hyman Dairs, and one by Mrs. Young, and another by Mr. Whichelo, of the Rembrandt, appeared to us to be uncommonly well done; and there were others to compete with them, though it is unnecessary for us to go more minutely into specification. We may possibly, however, return to a farther notice.

Finden's Beauties of Moore. London, Chapman and Hall.

FINDEN'S *Beauties of Moore* have, on the issue of nearly every separate Part, been noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with deserved encomiums, and had their individual characters so particularly described, that we need not now inform our readers how charming they are, or that they are not Moore's Beauties alone, but his in ideal conception and literal painting, whilst they are Finden's and his associate artists' in the embodiment of the easel and burin for the eye as well as for the mind.

There are twenty-four portraits of the poet's most interesting females; his *Ideas*, as we have said, put into tangible form and light by such men as Newton, W. P. Frith, J. Wright, Elmore, F. Stone, Egg, F. Wood, Middleton, O'Neil, E. W. Ward, A. de Valentini, and engraved in a delicious style by the brothers Finden, Holl, H. Hall, Edwards, Mote, Robinson, and Eagleton. Borders of rare grace and merit, by J. Marchant, encircle these creations. There is a pleasing amount of explanatory letter-press; and there is a binding about the most gorgeous we have ever seen. The embossing is extremely handsome, and the golden ornaments and title stand out from its rich ground-work with all the effect of plate in high relief. The interior of the book is certainly not disgraced by its exterior appearance.

Altogether the publication does honour to the Muse, to the fine arts, to the art of mechanical embellishment, and to the taste, spirit, and liberality of the publishers.

The Comic Almanack. By George Cruikshank. London; D. Bogue.

INEXHAUSTIBLE and inimitable George, sorry are we, at this late hour, that we can only acknowledge the laughter with which we have scanned thy lucubrations for 1846. Every month of thine is Hogarthian: from the water-marked plate of the fluent Aquarius, presiding over January, to the abundant and admirably-composed Capricornus, predominating in December. For originality, fancy, and fun, George almost surpasses himself this year. If we had time to say more we would; but we must conclude in the usual form—"so no more at present from your intense admirer,"

"The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*."

BIOGRAPHY.

DEATH has this week been busy in the upper circles of life: among the departed, as connected with the literature of our day, we have to record the Dowager Lady Holland and Lady Canterbury. The "re-unions" of the former at Holland House have been for very many years the very centres of the highest literary meetings, and especially of all the talent enlisted on the Whig side of politics. Parties more intellectual and pleasant were never assembled in this or any other country; and her ladyship herself (even to the advanced age of 76), with vast experience of the world, was gifted with abilities which caused her to shine, no unimportant figure, even among the foremost wits and scholars of the age. Within the last six weeks she was the soul of a conversation among the brightest gladiators.

Lady Canterbury also shined much in literary society, and was, like her sister Lady Blessington, eminent for literary qualifications and the cultivation of refined taste. We are not aware that she appeared in print, in which several of those nearest and dearest to her shone; but a similarity of pursuit, and an equal relish for all

that could charm and elevate the mind, place before our eyes at this moment the sad memory of a beautiful, highly accomplished, and superior woman, deeply regretted by many whose love of letters was improved by her society.

Dr. Wade.—This well known successor to Parson Horne, with hardly unequal demagogue talent and with equal zeal, as was evinced on many a public occasion, died suddenly this week of apoplexy, at the age of 58. Dr. Wade was of an adust complexion and full temperament; and with all his enthusiasm for Spafeld measures, was, in less public intercourse, a well-informed, intelligent, and pleasant companion. He was, we believe, heartily sincere in his opinions; in adherence to which he left preferment in the church and lived upon his own fortune, which was considerable, and, like himself, independent.

JOHN BACKHOUSE, ESQ.

WITH sincere regret do we record the death of John Backhouse, Esq., late under secretary of state in the foreign department. He died at his house in Hans Place, having suffered long from a fatal illness, which a tour last year to a milder climate could not remove. Severe application to his official duties was probably the proximate cause of this malady; for a more diligent and assiduous public servant the country never possessed. Mr. Backhouse's entry into political life may be dated from the election of Mr. Canning for Liverpool; from which city he removed to London, to act as the secretary for its gifted representative, and take care of the important parliamentary business connected with its vast mercantile interests. In this situation he so highly recommended himself to his principal as soon to be advanced by him to trusts of a more general national character; and thus in a short time to become the holder of an office of the utmost confidence and responsibility. In every point of his useful career, Mr. Backhouse shewed himself to be eminently worthy of this preferment; and we may safely state, that the conduct of no man in such a station ever gave more satisfaction to his employers, or contributed more essentially to the prompt and judicious administration of affairs than was the result of Mr. Backhouse's faithful labours.

His attachment to literature was a prominent part of his life; and readers may remember the interesting manner in which he edited the *Narrative of the American Sailor, Robert Adams's residence in the Interior of Africa, at Timbuctoo, &c.* We have reason to believe that Mr. Backhouse wrote frequently in several of the most popular periodicals; and also assisted in other literary undertakings of considerable interest. He was in every relation of society most highly and deservedly esteemed.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE POTATO DISEASE

Is not exactly a subject for prolonged notice in the *Literary Gazette*; but as every body is making much of it in every body's own way, and a great deal more for some bodies' particular purposes, it may be as well not to hide our light altogether under the bushel,—which it would seem there are no sound potatoes to fill.

The Potato Disease; its Origin, Nature, and Prevention, &c. by G. Phillips, of the Excise (pp. 58, S. Highley), has fixed our attention more particularly on the subject. The careful chemical and microscopical analyses which the author has directed both to the sound and the diseased tubers, afford the best data we have seen for forming a judgment on the subject; whilst the

other important point of the question, viz. the extent of the evil throughout the empire, must be ascertained by actual survey and unbiased examination.

When Science or the Press get hold of any thing of the kind, it is pretty sure to come out in vague and monstrous forms, in the midst of which it is not easy to ascertain the precise features of the case. In simple language, we presume it to be acknowledged that, in many parts of the country, the potato-crop has been, more than in any former year, affected by a species of rot; and as Ireland is farthest off and the least likely to be exactly intelligible, we are called upon to believe it to be ten times worse off than any portion of England or Scotland.*

Having thus frightened the Isle from its propriety by a general apprehension of famine, a bugbear created out of the dread of a partial scarcity, we should look the matter, whether bad, worse, or worst, in the face, and if possible devise a remedy for whatever difficulty may ensue. According to Mr. Phillips, a sound white kidney potato contained

Water	75.700
Starch, pure and very white	15.880
Sugar	0.666
Potateline and colouring matter	1.780
Gum	1.260
Albumen	2.160
Ligneous fibre	1.370
Silica	0.003
Alumina	0.101
Lime	0.088
Potash	1.010
Magnesia	A trace.
Sulphuric Acid	A trace.
Chlorine	0.062
Total	100.080

In the substance here called *potateline* resides the aroma and flavour of the potato—without it, the root would be flavourless and destitute of any characteristic. Potateline contains potash and probably solanine, and also, it is believed, a large proportion of azote as a constituent. And the potato generally contains a quantity of water equal to three-fourths of its entire weight.

Compared with the sound potato, a diseased one under the same conditions presented:

Water	78.20
Starch impure and of a brown colour	16.00
Sugar	None
Potateline and colouring matter	1.20
Gum	1.40
Albumen	0.60
Ligneous fibre	1.20
Silica, alumina, lime, magnesia, potash, sulphuric acid, and chlorine	1.20
Total	99.80

"The parts selected were soft and pulpy, the organisation of the tuber being completely destroyed. In colour, the diseased portions used were yellowish drab, snuff-brown, and black, and the mass had a very unpleasant fetid odour."

From all his experiments, Mr. Phillips concludes that "the disease causes a decomposition of the albumen, the azotised constituent of the potato; that a healthy potato is acid, a diseased one alkaline; that in the decomposition of a diseased tuber, the only alkali that can be formed is ammonia; that as ammonia is the only alkali that can be formed, the alkaline state of a diseased tuber is owing to its pre-

* We have seen a letter from a large Irish landholder which did not countenance the rumour of the terrible failure of the crop. He simply wrote, "after a careful inquiry all hereabouts, I find that the potato is *delicate*." But the finest pansantry have adopted the other extreme opinion, and say: "The cholera first attacked men; it then attacked the pigs; and now it has attacked the pratties. Bad luck to the Saxons that brought it in!"

sence; that the production of ammonia is caused by a putrid fermentation induced by the albumen of the potato; that the soluble constituents disappear, the insoluble remain; that the preservation of the starch and ligneous fibre is owing to their insolubility in the water of the tuber, and that the inorganic constituents suffer no change; that putrefaction is the cause of the decay of the tuber."

Out of his microscopic tests, Mr. Phillips declares that "the disease commences in the pendulums; that the pendulums first attacked are those farthest from the foot-stalk if the series be continuous; and if not continuous, at the part farthest from the stem, and to which the tuber is attached; that the pendulums diseased the tuber; that the disease is not caused by fungi or insect."

This differs greatly from the Dutch results, viz. that

"According to all the experiments and descriptions made of the disease, it appears that it commences on the upper part, and then attacks successively the leaf, the stalk, and the tuber. . . . As it is the upper part of the stalk which is generally first attacked, it is probable that the disease originates in the leaves, descends the stalk by means of the peel, and then communicates with the part below the ground."

Our own commissioners also differ from Mr. Phillips as to the origin, site, and progress of the distemper.

And after all the philosophy, and inquiry, and recommendations for saving and preserving, we find what common sense and common experience has taught the whole agricultural and horticultural world, that to separate rotten fruit from sound, and keep it as dry as possible in a good air, is the best economical means that can be adopted.

Having so far stated the circumstances as derived from others, there are two or three matters connected with this subject which we have not seen noticed, and which we would briefly mention as deserving of some consideration.

There was a disease very common to the seed potatoes about three years ago, similar to the present, and without producing any immediate deterioration. Could the present evil be traced to that? In Canada, the same occurred, and no ill consequences followed.

In the early sown turnip-crop of this year, a disease of the same kind destroyed large breadths of land. The next crops succeeded.

The mischief has been attributed to the wetness of the season. Is it not owing to the great and rapid transitions of temperature?

To prevent a rise in price, injurious to the lower orders, there may be an immense saving of potatoes as food for cattle; and the far over average crop of hay and turnips will supply ready substitutes, so as to effect this purpose.

And the turnip also, for human consumption, being in such abundance, may in a wholesome way enable families to economise in their use of potatoes.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday was produced a five-act comedy, called *The Maiden Aunt*,* and written by Mr. R. Brinsley Knowles, a son of the author of his being and of *Virginia*, to whom the play is dedicated in a style of compliment not indicative of much taste or judgment. In perusal the composition appears so framed upon the manner of the elder dramatist, that we could not distinguish it from his. Neither

* Published by E. Moxon. Pp. 62.

in language, character, nor story (for there is no plot), does it reflect the living manners of the present period, but it is an imitation of Elizabethan and later times. Upon the mistaken notion involved in all this class of composition it would be harsh to insist, when speaking of the first essay of a youthful and promising candidate for fame; but it is a mistake and "no mistake." The consequences are, that the outlines of the characters are stiff, hard, and rugged; that there is no refinement of sentiment or speech whatever; that the action is forced and unnatural; and that all the unction is wanting to make the *dramatis personæ* resemblances of actual life. With these inherent defects, and the baldest invention of incidents ever extended over five acts, *The Maiden Aunt* can only be received as the dawning of a genius inherited from a worthy stock, and which may hereafter expand into a brilliant and lasting illumination. The lady who gives the title to the work is the chief failure in it, for she opens a delightful ingenuous old maid, and ends the deepest of masquerading intriguers. But we will not enter farther into criticism, but content ourselves with citing some brief examples of the dialogue. The hero falls in love with an incognita; and being told by his friend that it is only fancy and his heart too light, replies:

"Too light, indeed; with all its buoyant mood Love weighs it down. I tell thee, Montague, I bear the evidences all about me: For what shall prove a man to be in love If not his being turned against himself, Himself his own antipodes! Who e'er So fill'd his cup or sooner emptied it, Or lent more spirit to a night's enjoyment, Or readier would fly at anything That promised entertainment? Tell me that— But now I think of past delights as vain! My wine stands blushing to invite my lips, And is not tasted. If I ever hear The sound of revelry, I only think What fous they are that seek delight in that: And turn to graver thoughts of marriage-bells, Of dignities and cares of married life, Of honeymoon and christenings manifold, Which proves beyond a doubt I am in love:— Since miracle alone could compass this, And nought but love can compass miracles!"

His uncle approaches to interrupt this version of elder poetry; and the friend goes with a word of counsel, but poorly expressed:

"Be prudent with your uncle; a few days Might see you heart-whole as you ever were, And 'twould be monstrous mortifying then To think you had lost a fortune for a whim! This marriage too 's a step, once taken, past Retrieval; therefore, take it not in haste— Love's seeds ill sown, life's garden lies a waste."

The same indefiniteness of style marks the following:

"I'm modest, Peter, And timid, daring not to tell my love Except by hints and glances, plain enough To be embarrassing, but nothing more! Till will I venture out the doubtless words Nor our young couple fully are betrothed."

The last two lines are rather puzzling; and the annexed portion of one of the old gentleman's soliloquies is no improvement:

[He pursues her: she throws a chair in his way, at which he stumbles, and she escapes. Sir Simon, Confound the chair! A clumsy, rotten, vile,

Unwieldy, senseless chair! It has broke my shin, And lost me too a kiss! But never mind, So I find favour in fair Catharine's eyes, There's nothing comes amiss. How charmingly She rated me for lack of gallantry! I think I wou'd her bravely in the end, though! Did I succeed?—Else wherefore should her heart Suffuse her cheeks with blushes, and let fall Their fringed lids to veil her melting eyes? Ah dear! Ah me! How sweet the pains of love; Particularly first love!—this is mine. Her aunt indeed—a likely wife for me! Now then to Peter—fix the wedding-day; For though, perchance, her wounds being but fresh,

She thinks to hold me in a lengthened suit,
Yet when the smarting comes, as sure it will,
She'll be content to let love have its course,
And take me so, for better and for worse."

The following is better. The aunt lectures her niece:

"How came it, then, you met him every day
For a good week and more? Was it by chance?
What an uncommonly strange thing Chance is!
What heaps of sins, like charity, it hides;
Or, rather, altogether blots them out:—
For who's to blame for that he had no hand in,
Which was not meant—was never once foreseen—
Which happened—some way—as a thing might drop
Out of the clouds; though, very strange to say,
It always falls exactly where we'd have it!
Chance is a scapegrace, who, in all his life,
Did never do a proper action yet.
He puts his hand to nothing, but he blunders;
Mistakes his neighbour's pocket for his own;
Ruins good causes without fault in the pleader;
Gives the wrong medicine, and kills the patient;
And, like an awkward knave, makes poor young ladies,
The least designing creatures in the world,
Meet the same man, at the same place and hour,
Day after day, who never for a moment
Dreamt in their walks to meet with any thing
But fields and trees, and charming scenery."

The stratagems, towards the end of the piece, are ridiculous; and though the play was as well acted as it could be, greatly endangered the finale. The ayes, however, had it on the fall of the curtain; and *The Maiden Aunt* has been repeated every evening.

St. James's.—On Saturday evening we were again highly gratified with the amateur performance of *Every Man in his Humour*, noticed in our No. 1497, where the cast is given, with the exception only of *Wellbred*, which character, upon this occasion, was played by Mr. G. Cattermole. We need not here reiterate our individual praise, nor dwell upon the collective dramatic merits of this amateur company, but merely state that the second representation fully confirmed our former opinions, and we bated not a jot of our first impressions or expressions. We have a word or two, however, for the new *Wellbred*, who in his concluding scene, made a great hit; his reply to Kiteley, "She is not my wife," told admirably, and roused a rather cold audience. Applause was loud enough at the fall of the curtain; and, being prolonged, recalled the players, when Mr. Forster announced a third performance, for the benefit of that favourite and deserving actress, Miss Kelly. The old comedy selected for revival is said to be the *Alchemist*, but we doubt the rumour. The announcement was received with general satisfaction, which augurs, we hope, the like high and generous patronage that has so largely increased the building fund of the "Sanatorium,"—the home in sickness, and to which the receipts, amounting to, as we are informed, about 1000*l.* were devoted. The theatre was handsomely placed at the disposal of the committee, by Mr. Mitchell, free of expense.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Wallace's new opera, *Maritana*, so long expected, was produced here on Saturday last. It is founded on the well-known drama *Don Cesar de Bazan*, the libretto being by Mr. Fitzball, with the addition of some choice morceaux from the poetical manager, inserted, as is stated, at the particular request of the composer. The music of this first production by Mr. Wallace exhibits very considerable skill in composition; the resources of an orchestra are better developed than we commonly find in modern English operas; and some of the arias and concerted pieces possess great merit; more especially the solo and chorus, "Pretty Gitana, tell us," in which Miss Romer sang very successfully; the trio, soprano, tenore, and basso; and a little ballad

sung by Miss Poole, which was vociferously encored, to our minds the most classical attempt in the opera. The ballad for the tenor, sung by Harrison, is not so effective: it is laboured in its motive, and was not well received by the audience. On the whole, it is a satisfaction to be able to say that this opera is exceedingly pleasing, and gives promise of better things from its author. We learn from the prints that the composer has resided much among Spaniards and Mexicans; this would account in some measure for the remarkable Spanish character of the more decided parts of the music. It is evident, however, that Mr. Wallace has not neglected the study of the works of the great masters; it is better to take them as a model than to commence at once with the notion of being a great original and a genius. The performance was very well applauded by a crowded audience. We shall probably enlarge hereafter on this brief notice.

Princess's.—On Tuesday *The Violet*, an amusing little plot and story from the French *Jeanette et Jeanneton*—here *Blanche* and *Blanchette*—was successfully produced. André, an old jeweller, Mr. Wallack, has these two reputed daughters, but under strange circumstances, for only one of them is his own, he does not know which, and the other is an orphan of a noble race. Out of his equal love for the two, and their being sought in marriage by parties of different rank, arise the involutions of the scene, till the mystery is cleared up, and all ends agreeably. Mr. Wallack sustained his part with great talent and effect, and the two lady-characters were well played, *Blanchette* by Mrs. Stirling, and *Blanche* by a pretty-looking débutante, said to be her first appearance on the stage. Perhaps it was so, as she seemed nervous in coming before the public; but it did not look to us like the timidity arising from unacquaintance with life. She was well received, had obviously warm friends among the audience, and acquitted herself in a manner to deserve applause without partiality. To perform by the side of Mrs. Stirling must be a great aid to a beginner.

French Plays.—Mr. Mitchell has been proceeding with his usual spirit; but as yet nothing has occurred of sufficient novelty to call for especial criticism. *La Demoiselle Maigre*, a lively vaudeville, and another, *Deux Filles à Marier*, are very pleasant little pieces: and Lafont is as excellent as ever.

M. Jullien's Concerts commenced on Friday, and have since been repeated, on alternate evenings, to houses crowded in every part. They are, indeed, such treats as English audiences of every class can enjoy. There is taste, and style, and execution enough for the connoisseurs, and yet there is every thing in music that can entertain and delight the million. We do not, therefore, wonder at their popularity.

VARIETIES.

The British Almanac and Companion (C. Knight, and Co.) for next year presents its acknowledged useful features and arrangement for public acceptance. The Almanac is elaborately constructed, so as to afford every kind of information to be sought in such repositories—full references for the year upon which we are about to enter; and the Companion, besides the retrospect and record of statistics and legislation, &c. is strongly recommended by papers on the earliest printed almanacs, statistics of crime, railways and public improvements in *esse et posse*; chronicles of events; biographical notices, and other well considered matters, tend to improve the value of this sterling annual guide.

The Illustrated London Almanac, 1846.—When the steam is up, it is wonderful what people can do; they not only run their daily or weekly course with *éclat*, but can have offshoots like this, to mark the year with clever designs, to recommend and impress the Almanack matter, and so be at once cheap and welcome to all classes.

Beckford Museum.—The collection of *vertu* belonging to the late Mr. Beckford, and kept in the Lansdown Tower, Bath, is about to be brought to the hammer. It contains a vast multitude of curious and valuable articles; and is altogether perhaps only second to the famous sale at Fonthill.

Anti-Education Movement.—The *Times* and *Punch* are exceedingly wroth with the Eton boys for displaying a deep devotedness to study, and shouting (a fine example to idle lads), "Read for ever!"

Singular Dramatic Discovery.—A few weeks ago a very curious document was discovered among some old family-papers belonging to an ancient family in Kent. It is a play called "Wit and Wisdom," and is supposed to be the earliest drama in which a foreigner is introduced speaking broken English. The liberal owner has given permission for its publication, and it will be shortly printed by the Shakespeare Society under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mosheim's Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, translated by J. Murdock, D.D., new edit., with additions, by the Rev. H. Soames, 4 vols., 8vo, 2*l.* 8*s.*—Adventures in the Pacific, by J. Coulter, M.D., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Tytler's Elements of General History, with a Continuation, by the Rev. E. Nares, D.D., new edit., 8vo, 14*s.*—The Round Towers and Ancient Architecture of Ireland, by G. Petrie, 2d edit., royal 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*—On the Treatment of Strictures of the Urethra, by J. Briggs, 8vo, 3*s.*—Pomfret, or Public Opinion and Private Judgment, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Curiosities of Modern Travel, 1846, fcp., 5*s.* 6*d.*—A World of Wonders, with Anecdotes, &c., by A. Poyntz, 8vo, 13*s.*—Life of Carl Theodor Körner, translated by G. F. Richardson, 2 vols., post 8vo, 15*s.*—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. XII, Lays of Faith and Loyalty, by the Rev. E. Churton, 18mo, 2*s.*—The Old Hall, by John Mills, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Mine, 6th edit., by Mrs. London, square, 4*s.*—Elements of Mental and Moral Science, by G. Payne, 3d edit., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Ship, by M. H. Barker, 5th edit., square, 4*s.*—Full Report of the Proceedings, Hodgson & Co., Rec. F. Oakeley, edited by A. F. Bayford, 6*s.*—The O'Donoghue, by C. Lever, 8vo, 14*s.*—The Child's Mirror, by Mrs. Hall's, square, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons preached at St. George, Bloomsbury, by the Hon. and Rev. H. M. Villiers, 8vo, 5*s.*—Principles of Beauty in Colouring systematised, by D. R. Hay, 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Daniel's Chancery Practice, 2d edit., 3 vols., 8vo, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Bopp's Comparative Grammar, edited by Prof. Wilson, 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—La Soubrette, or Adventures of Theresa Dorney, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Confessions of a Water-Patient, by Sir E. B. Lytton, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Chainbearer, or Littlepage MSS., by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Yachtsman's Annual, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Crickshank's Comic Almanac, 1846, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Bishop Beveridge's Theological Works (10 Vols) Vols. I. to VII. 8vo, 3*l.* 18*s.*—The Magi and the Star, fcp. 3*s.*—Stray Leaves from the German, by the Rev. W. B. Flower, 8vo, 4*s.*—Share-Broker's Accountant Ready Reckoner, by J. Mallison, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, reprinted entire, royal 32mo, 1*s.*—Quarrie's Emblems, new edit., 18mo, 3*s.*—Quarrie's School of the Heart, new edit., 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The diverting History of John Gimpin, 10 illustrations, oblong 4to, 5*s.*—Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, Vol. IV., 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Thiers' History of the French Revolution, Whittaker's Popular Library Edition, 8vo, 1*l.* 3*s.*, cloth.—The Scripture Treasury, fcp., 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Passages from Letters by a Clergyman on Jewish Prophecy and other Scriptural Subjects, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Flight of Armida, a Poem, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Literary Florets, by Thomas Cromwell, fcp., 5*s.*—Snowball's Elements of Mechanics, 2d edit., 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Frank Merivale; or, Dissolving Views from the Glass of Time, by Eliz. Pierce, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—History of the Town of Evesham, by G. May, 8vo, 1*l.*

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Commence at Eight, terminate at Eleven o'clock.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETER.

CHRONOMETER EXHIBITION.—E. J. DENT, 52 Strand, and 25 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1845, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers, with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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